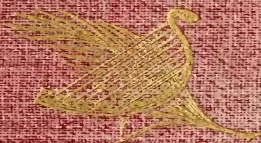


# Flowers from Foreign Fields

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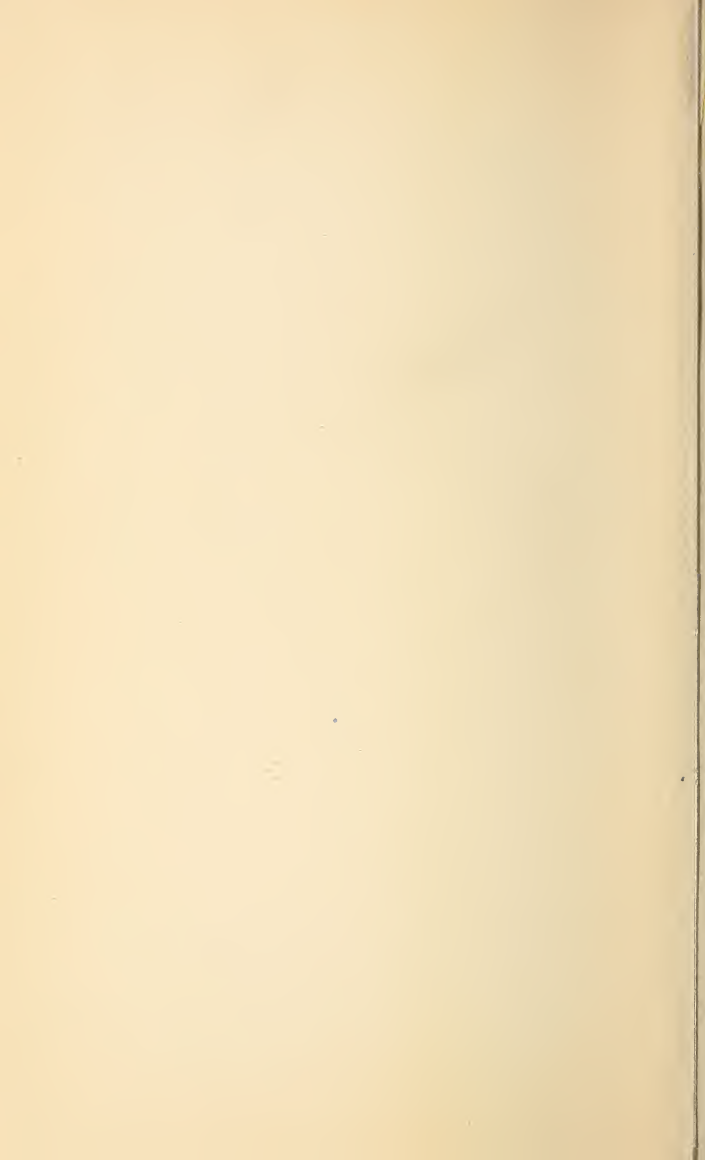
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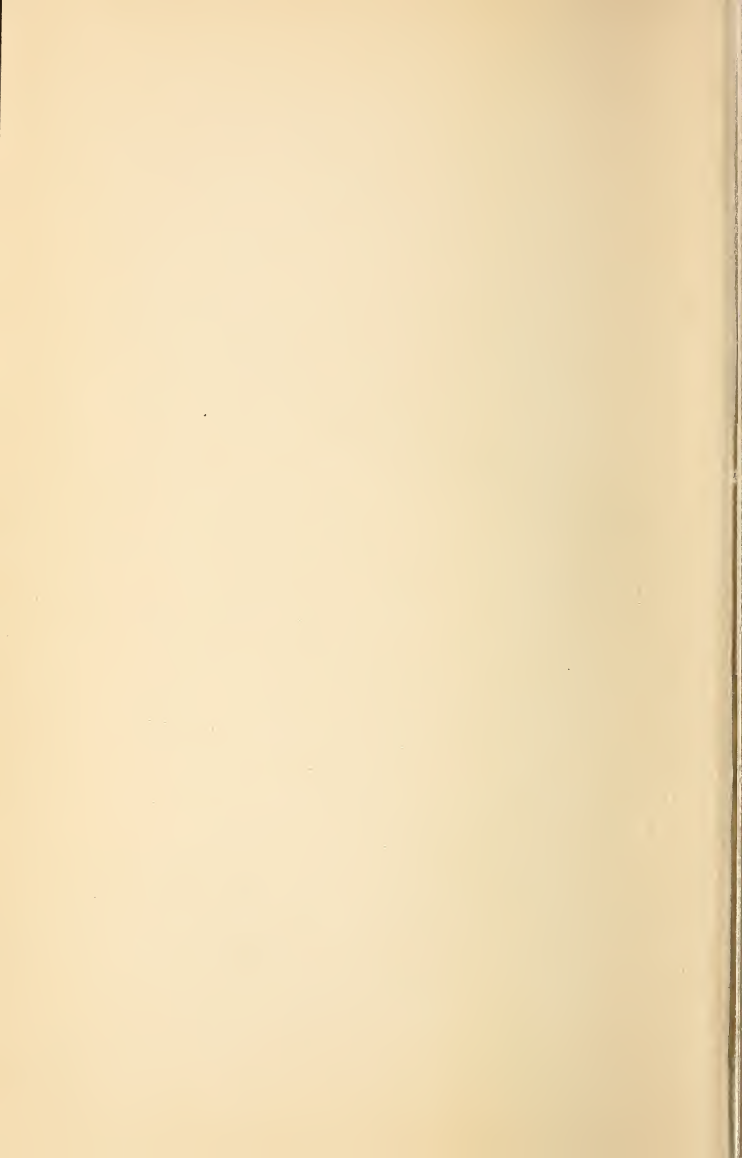
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









FLOWERS FROM FOREIGN FIELDS. . ' . BEING THE  
THIRTEENTH VOLUME OF THE LOTUS SERIES. . ' .  
PRINTED BY THE PRESS OF THE PETER PAUL  
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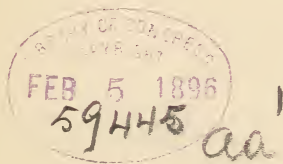
*Salmon flowers*  
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FLOWERS    ❁   ❁   ❁  
FROM FOREIGN FIELDS

BY

✓  
LUELLA DOWD SMITH

Author of "Wayside Leaves," "Wind Flowers," etc.



BUFFALO  
THE PETER PAUL BOOK COMPANY  
1895

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E 8 S 5

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By LUELLA DOWD SMITH.

C. G. Felt. 9 1914-

Inscribed

To my sister Alice, who sees the charm  
of the fair foreign flowers and  
is wise to win and welcome  
them to heart and home.



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FLOWERS FROM . . .

. . FOREIGN FIELDS.



## FROM FOREIGN FIELDS.

I KNOW our flowers are sweet and fair  
By castle and by cottage wall.  
The blooms of home and native air  
Are ever dearest to us all.

With pride we see our flowers go forth  
To bloom anew on foreign soil;  
To fill with beauty all the earth  
And give reward to others' toil.

As ours are welcomed elsewhere,  
We welcome flowers of foreign lands.  
We joy to see their beauty rare,  
And give them gardens on our strands.

And so I bring across the seas  
These clustering blooms and dainty bells.  
If their transplanted beauty please,  
Give them a nook within our dells.

## THE BROOKLET.

THOU, Brooklet, clear as silver dew,  
Upon thy bank I stand and muse.  
Why dost thou ever hasten by?  
Whence dost thou come? Where dost thou hie?

I come from depths of rocky den.  
My way goes through the mossy glen.  
Upon my mirror, rests the while,  
The blue of Heaven, with friendly smile.

Therefore, the glad child-heart have I.  
It leads me on, I know not why.  
Who from the rock has guided me,  
Will still, I trust, my Leader be.

## EDELWEISS.

UPON the Switzer's mountain,  
Bedecked with snow and ice,  
There blooms a little floweret:  
One calls it Edelweiss.

It blooms, concealed in shadows,  
A blossom, soft and weak;  
With dewy pearls it glistens—  
The wan, white flower we seek.

If thou wouldst find the floweret,  
Of toil be not afraid.  
Fear not the steeps of highlands,  
Where bridge was never laid.

And hast thou gladly found it?  
Then gather it with care.  
'Twill nod for thee as friendly,  
Adown the valley there.

Thus, as this noble floweret  
Will tenderly be won,  
So is it with thy true love—  
Sweet blossom of the sun.

The flower will never wither,  
Thou pluckest from the ice:  
And thus it is thy true love  
Is like the Edelweiss.

## A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

O DO not weep ! I am not dead by dying.  
A blessèd, endless life has dawned for me.  
Be comforted, my dear one ! Cease thy crying.  
Thou wouldst rejoice, couldst thou my glory see.  
Here dwelleth peace. Here shines eternal light.  
No more the darkness falls, no more the night.  
O, do not weep !

O, do not weep ! Why should I longer tarry  
In darksome land, where death and sin affright ?  
A nobler prize in this blest home I carry ;  
My palm is green. I wear the robes of light.  
Why should thy tears bedew the graveyard sod ?  
Mine eyes behold with joy, the face of God.  
O, do not weep !

O, do not weep ! See how the years are fleeting !  
Soon will thine angel bring thee also o'er.  
Among the blessèd, will I give thee greeting,  
Forever mine, where death can part no more.  
Then raise thy tearful eyes from graveyard sod :  
O, Dearest, trustful, lift thine eyes to God,  
And do not weep !

## THE REBEL'S DEATH.

I N deep, dark shadows lying,  
Where dense the forests were,  
A weary man was dying  
In grove of solemn fir.

He wandered there to languish  
Far from the battle's din,  
Alone to bear his anguish,  
While darkness closed him in.

He lifts his eyes in token  
Of hope of Heavenly Day :  
His earthly life is broken :  
His life-blood ebbs away.

The wound is large and deadly,  
The wound is deep and wide;  
The stream of life pours redly  
From out his wounded side.

One hand above is resting,  
The other on his breast !  
In tender mosses nestling,  
The warrior is at rest.

No bell for him is tolling,  
So early passed away:  
But woodbirds' notes are rolling  
His funeral dirge to-day.

No cross for him is showing,  
But fir trees stand around,  
And by his sword is growing  
Young ivy from the ground.

No laurels wave above him,  
But roses where he fell—  
Wild roses droop to love him:  
What wouldst thou more, rebèl?

## THE DOWER OF LOVE.

O LOVE, so long as thou canst love !  
O love with true affection deep !  
The hour draws near—the hour draws near  
When thou among the graves must weep.

Take care, while love's sweet bliss is thine,  
To cherish it and guard it well,  
As long as yet another heart  
The words of love can hear or tell.

And when one opes his soul to thee,  
O, heal for him his sorrow's smart !  
Make every hour to him a joy,  
And bring no sadness to his heart.

Guard well thy tongue, that speaks so fast:  
O, do not say that bitter word !  
God knows it was not badly meant—  
It broke the loving heart that heard.

O, love so long as thou canst love !  
O, love with true affection deep !  
The hour draws near—the hour draws near  
When thou among the graves must weep.

Then wilt thou kneel beside his grave,  
Upon the long, damp grave-yard grass:  
And hide thy troubled, tear-filled eyes—  
Thine eyes that cannot see him pass.

Then wilt thou say—"Look down on me,  
Whose eyes with grief have wept their fill,  
Forgive that I have troubled thee!  
God knows I did not mean it ill."

But then he hears and heeds thee not,  
Comes not with comfort for thy woe.  
The lips that kissed thee, cannot say  
"Love, I forgave thee long ago."

Aye, he forgave thee long ago,  
Yet many a bitter tear he shed.  
For thee and for thy bitter word,  
He weeps no more among the dead.

O, love so long as thou canst love!  
O, love with true affection deep!  
The hour draws near—the hour draws near,  
When thou among the graves must weep.

## ON THE WATER.

NOW will the mount and valley bloom anew.  
The winds are rustling all the tree-tops through:  
The day's loud tones grow faint in evening red:  
I would be joyful, but my heart is dead.

My friends row fast and strong before the night:  
Their furrows sparkle in the starry light:  
The zither sweetly sounds where boats are led:  
I would be joyful, but my heart is dead.

The moon comes up. With added mirth and zest,  
The joyful songs outpour from every breast.  
Along the shore the castle-lights grow red :  
I would be joyful, but my heart is dead.

And should my love arise from out her grave,  
And give me all the vows which once she gave,  
And say again the loving words she said:  
In vain ! for past is past, and dead is dead.

## REFUGE.

STRICKEN deer in woodland lying,  
Wounded by the arrow flying :  
Seek the place amid the rushes,  
Where the crystal river gushes,  
It will save thy heart from breaking,  
Calm its terrors, cure its aching.

Man, when struck by sorrow's dart,  
Seek the kindest hand's caressing:  
Seek the purest fount of blessing:  
Flee unto the mother-heart.  
Soon the wearied mothers sleep.  
Sleeps thy mother without waking:  
While thy stricken heart is breaking,  
Fly unto the woods and weep.

## LOVE AND DIE.

THROUGH earth and Heaven brightly  
There came a being lightly  
As gentlest harper's sigh,  
To each the knowledge giving,  
The wherefore of its living,  
The way that it must die.

She speaks to eagle—"Hurry  
Unto the sun: till flurry  
Of storm shall strike thy way."  
She says to rain—"Keep pouring  
Till meadows bless thy roaring,  
And then dissolve in day."

She says to swan with urging—  
"Swim through the flood's wild surging,  
Thy death-song in the sky!"  
She speaks to pink—"Come hither,  
In fragrance bloom—and wither."  
To woman—"Love and Die."

## MY ANGEL CARE FOR THEE !

(Ancient Greeting—Daz Inwer mîn Engel Walte !)

IS this thy farewell greeting,  
Thou loved one of my heart !  
All of my pleasure fleeting  
Goes with thee as we part.

When thou art gone, in sadness  
Grief only bides with me.  
Yet go, Beloved, in gladness !  
My Angel care for thee !

My Angel once was given  
To guard my joy and rest.  
When thou, my Joy, art riven,  
I never more am blest.

When thou art gone, my sadness  
Will set my Angel free.  
Go on, Beloved, in gladness !  
My Angel care for thee !

He must not tell thee, leaving,  
I walk a troubled way,  
And with my sorrow grieving,  
Mourn for thee night and day.

With smiles I give thee greeting  
And hide the starting tear.  
Farewell, until our meeting !  
My Angel guard thee, Dear !

### LEARNED LATE.

I DREAMED I lay in the church-yard  
Within my grave so deep :  
Yet human thought and feeling  
Were with me in that sleep.

I heard the gentle footstep  
Above my place of rest.  
I heard the voice of mourning  
Of her I loved the best.

“In vain is all my weeping—  
Would I might die,” she said,  
“Or wake thee from thy sleeping  
Among the silent dead !

“I would that I might wake thee  
To tell thee all my heart,  
And drive away the doubtings  
That kept our souls apart.”

She sobbed for me in sorrow.  
It broke the spell of sleep.  
My dream of love is vanished.  
I only wake to weep.

Too late we count our treasures :  
By graves our vigils keep.  
The dead win life and loving.  
The living wake to weep.

## EASTER MORNING.

UP soars the lark on Easter morning  
In clearest region of the air,  
His rapid wing the blue adorning,  
Till lost amid the brightness there.

The echoes of his song are ringing  
Through thousand voices of the fields.  
Awake! Awake! they all are singing :—  
The Winter to the Springtime yields.

Awake, ye brooklets, flow in lightness  
And bless the land with fruitful days!  
Awake, ye sunbeams, shine in brightness  
And fill the greening woods with praise!

Awake, blue violets in the heather,  
Primroses pale, and blossoms red:  
Proclaim the blessèd word together,  
That Love has power to raise the dead!

Awake, slow human hearts that, aching,  
Still tarry in the Winter's sleep,  
That with the joyance or the breaking  
In vain your empty vigils keep.

The glory of the Lord is given.  
The breath of Spring is o'er the land.  
The bondage of the tomb is riven :  
And broken every cruel band.

Awake, sad hearts whose tender sorrow,  
And broken hopes must grave-ward cling.  
Sad eyes so filled with tears shall borrow  
The brightness of the bloom of Spring.

Ye searchers, all your labor losing,  
Far wandering on a weary way :  
Awake ! A wonder for your using !  
The old-time world is young to-day.

All have a part in things most holy  
That over all the land are poured :  
Renewing comes to high and lowly.  
For all, the gifts of Spring are stored.

The dry grows green, the zephyrs vying,  
The old grows young, afar and near.  
The breath of God awakes the dying,  
The Easter-day of Christ is here.

## THE MOURNERS.

CARELESS hast thou in the lilacs  
Joyful built thy little nest.  
Little bird, above the gravestones,  
Does no sorrow fill thy breast?

Flies are dancing : beetles whirring,  
Bees are humming in the air.  
Thou art singing in the sunbeams  
Thankful that the earth is fair.

Only human eyes are weeping  
Sad within the graveyard wall :  
Will not look above to Heaven,  
See the Springtime over all.

NOW IS THE TIME OF THE BLOOM  
AND THE GOLD.

NOW is the time of the bloom and the gold,  
O, beautiful world so fair to unfold !  
My heart is as light and as glad as the day,  
As the jubilant air and the lark's merry lay.  
You, joyful ones, sing ! Your life makes its May.  
Now is the time of the bloom and the gold,  
Now are the days of the roses.

Free is the heart, and free is the song :  
And free is the man all the world along :  
And a rosy kiss is not the less free,  
Though shy and timid the lips may be.  
Where is given a kiss, where is sung a rhyme,  
There is it called the golden time,  
There are the days of the roses.

Ah ! deep in the soul within have lain  
The seeds of joy and the germs of pain :  
Yet strong be the heart and bright be the eye ;  
Though storms with their shadows have clouded  
    our sky :  
We yet at all times are ready to sing :  
Still lingers the bloom of the beautiful Spring :  
    Now are the days of the roses.

### A FRAGMENT.

**S**TRIVE in God to blend thy being :  
    Whole of heart, thou shalt be strong :  
All thy doing, thinking, seeing,  
    Have the harmony of song.

Only by the path of duty  
    Canst thou fairest build and best.  
All of good and all of beauty  
    On the same foundation rest.

## THE WHITE VEIL.

THERE lies condemned, bound fast in prison,  
A Magyar Count of high degree.  
He was a slave, with slaves uprisen,  
To make himself and his country free.  
He has met his fate and her stern decree.  
This Magyar Count of twenty years  
Is near, (O, woeful cause for tears ! )  
Not death alone, but shameful dying,  
Where birds of prey in wait are flying.  
What ! Sleeps he peaceful on his straw,  
A careless child in clutch of law !

The youth has wept on his Mother's breast:  
"O, Mother, see, thy child returns,  
How soon his hope to ashes burns !  
How soon his name of high behest  
Is wrapped in death's disgraceful night !  
I bravely fought in many a fight:  
I laid my life on my Country's altar:  
But to-morrow, O, Mother, to-morrow, I falter."

Then the Mother said—"Tremble not, my Son.  
I will kneel me down at the Kaiser's throne;  
Though his heart were turned to stone; indeed  
He must relent at a mother's need.  
At last, when the gloomy train goes by,  
I will stand on my highest balcony:  
If there I wear black weeds of woe,  
My only child to his death must go:  
Yet, go, my child, with unfaltering pace:  
For thou dost belong to the Magyar Race.

"My son, if I wear my snow-white veil,  
Thy pardon is granted. Banish thy sadness:  
Receive the Emperor's grace with gladness:  
The powers of death shall not prevail."  
Because of this hope, the Count can rest  
As a child that sleeps on its mother's breast.  
In his dreams comes her happy, smiling face,  
Enwrapped for him in the snowy lace.

The hour has struck; and on the street  
The wheels of death are slowly rolling:  
The bells above are sadly tolling.  
He walks in the midst of the tramping feet:  
The flowers and the tears for him are falling,  
And maidens' voices of woe are calling:  
But he heeds them not. He looks on high  
Where his Mother stands on her balcony.

O, Joy ! For she wears her snow-white veil.  
Now firm is his bearing, nor falters his tread,  
He will not tremble. His strength will not fail.  
Unflinching he comes to the funeral pile;  
Unflinching, meets death with a trusting smile.  
And the snow-white veil? O, deceit for the dead !  
The mother's heart, breaking, feigned hope for her  
boy,  
That he go to his doom with courage and joy,  
And his name with the praise of a hero be said.

## THE ROSEBUD OF THE HEATHER.

ONCE there bloomed a rosebud sweet,  
Rosebud of the heather:  
Came a boy with flying feet,  
Must the lovely rosebud greet  
In the sunny weather.  
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red—  
Rosebud of the heather !

Said the boy—"I'll gather thee,  
Rosebud of the heather !"  
Said the rosebud—"I am free—  
I have thorns to punish thee  
In the fickle weather."  
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red—  
Rosebud of the heather !

Foolish boy to break apart  
Rosebud from the heather !  
Now he suffers endless smart,  
Naught can heal his aching heart,  
All is cloudy weather.  
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red—  
Rosebud of the heather !

## THE HOME COMING.

I CAME from weary journey  
Unto my home one day.  
I could not see for weeping,  
The graves along my way.

Ah! then I learned the stranger  
So homeless cannot be,  
As he who is forgotten  
Anear his own roof-tree.

## NIRVANA.

WHERE far the light blue billow of Narand-  
schana flows,  
Where deep within the woodland, the magic flower  
grows,  
There sits within the shadow upon a moss-grown  
stone,  
Siddartha, son of Maya, in earnest thought alone.

Far from the noisy nations, alone with nature's  
heart,  
He sought to read life's problem, so deeply hid by  
art:  
And as the wavelets, murmuring, around his foot-  
steps broke ;  
He upward looked, and lightly unto himself, he  
spoke—

“As yonder restless billows on billows leave no  
trace,  
And as one pathway cometh another to efface,  
So races follow races, and one by one do we  
Sink down within the trackless, the deep, eternal sea.

“The stream rolls on forever. We in an instant die.  
We sink away in silence as fast the waves go by.  
Like them we gleam in splendor within the sun’s  
    short light,  
Like them we reach the ocean, and vanish from the  
    sight.

## HOW FAIR IS THE RHINE !

THOUGH praises the Tyrol  
His Tyrol so well,  
To me is left only  
The Rhineland to tell.

O, splendid and noble  
The mountain-peaks shine :  
But friendly and loving  
And fair is the Rhine.

The torrent there washes  
The earth from the flowers :  
Here waters the vineyards  
And blesses the bowers.

Where gushes so sparkling  
A river as mine ?  
How friendly and loving  
And fair is the Rhine !

Though yonder with cattle  
The mountain-maids roam :  
Yet here are the maidens  
Of love and of home.

Here sweetly love whispers  
    "I always am thine ! "  
How friendly and loving  
    And fair is the Rhine !

The herdsman is singing  
    Afar on the hill.  
Here freedom is ringing,  
    Inspiring us still.

The people are learning  
    At liberty's shrine,  
How friendly and loving  
    And fair is the Rhine !

For me, I love only  
    The Rhineland so well :  
I leave to the Tyrol  
    Its praises to tell.

For splendid and noble  
    Its mountain-peaks shine :  
But friendly and loving  
    And fair is the Rhine.

## THE FIRST SNOW.

WHERE the early snow is lying  
Trees were decked with emeralds rare :  
Where the early dreams are dying,  
Hearts were filled with fancies fair.

Snows must melt, the power revealing  
Of the sunshine, bright and strong.  
Ah ! bright angel, come with healing  
For the wounds of woe and wrong !

## THE RETURN.

A WANDERER comes with his staff in his hand,  
Again to his home from a foreign land.

He is wayworn and dusty. So browned is his face:  
As a stranger he comes to his native place.

There leans on the toll-gate, the keeper of yore.  
Will he welcome him home at the ancient door ?

The keeper was once his dearest mate,  
And often they feasted anear this gate.

Yet alas ! the keeper knows not the man.  
Too much is he changed by the wrinkles and tan.

As he wanders within, no greeting is said :  
But cold are the looks that meet him instead.

There stands by the window, his darling, sweet.  
“ Dear Maiden, thy beauty, I joyfully greet ! ”

Yet alas ! the maiden smiles not on her knight.  
Too much is he changed by the scars of the fight.

Still further he wanders along the street.  
His eyes are tearful and weary his feet.

His mother comes slow from the old church door.  
“ God bless thee ! ” he says, and nothing more.

Yet see how she weeps ! She has loved him best.  
She greets him—“ My son ! ” and sinks down on  
his breast.

It is love sees the soul. It is love that is wise :  
And no change can deceive a mother’s fond eyes.

## A SIGN.

THE eagle flies alone. In crowds is seen the  
raven.

The wise man roams alone: in company, the  
craven.

## PATIENCE.

WHO cannot much endure, and labor, much  
forgiving;

He knoweth wisdom not, and not the grace of  
living.

## THE GRAVE IN THE BUSENTO.

NIGHTLY, by Cosenza on Busento, may one  
    hear the singing,  
Where the echoes from the waters, bring the answer,  
    sadly ringing.

Up and down the river, straying, ghosts of noble  
    Goths are weeping—  
Weeping where their hero, Alarich, the brave, in  
    death is sleeping.

Soon! too soon! and far from home, they made  
    his grave in life's young morning,  
While the golden locks of youth, his head and  
    shoulders were adorning.

Comrades on the banks of the Busento, strength  
    and valor testing,  
Turn the river from its course, to give him place  
    for peaceful resting.

There they build a lofty tomb, where erst Busento's  
waves were streaming,  
There they place their dead upon his steed, in bur-  
nished armor gleaming.

Tenderly they deck with gems and spoils of war,  
his mausoleum :  
Where the water-flowers may blossom, and the  
waves may sing "Te Deum."

Now again, they turn the restless river to its olden  
places.  
O'er the grave it rushes foaming ; all the signs of  
death effaces.

Sang a choir of warriors—"Sleep, our brave one,  
deep Busento under !  
Sleep in peace, our hero, where no Roman hand,  
thy grave can plunder !"

Through the hosts of Gothic armies, rang his praise  
and high endeavor.  
Roll, Busento's waves, O roll the song, from sea to  
sea, forever !

## THE LEAF IN THE BOOK.

I HAVE a dear old Auntie,  
Who owns a book of gold :  
And in it is a leaflet,  
All withered, dry and old.

The hands are old and withered  
That plucked it once in Spring.  
Ah me ! Why weeps the Auntie  
Before the blighted thing ?

## CRADLE-SONG.

S LUMBER sweet, for Mother's love caressing  
Folds thee close, and clasps thee to her heart,  
Safely kept by tender prayers of blessing,  
Sheltered fondly from earth's harm and smart.

Ah ! but sweet are the visions of thy sleeping,  
Child, so richly dowered with Mother's love !  
Night and day, her constant watch is keeping,  
As thy guardian angels watch above.

Thrice, one dares in Love's arms gently leaning,  
Trusting, feel himself among the blest.  
Thrice, believes he finds life's highest meaning:  
Thrice, enjoys Love's gift of peace and rest.

First, Love greets him when his Mother holds him,  
Giving kisses—solace for his tears.  
Little recks he while her arm enfolds him,  
Of the sorrows that must come with years.

Next, when spirit fails and life is laden,  
When the way of youth is steep and dim,  
Cometh Love in guise of gentle maiden,  
Given to walk life's upward path with him.

Last, when ruthless storm-winds break the roses  
And with grief the strong man's heart is torn;  
Love, as Angel of the Dead, discloses  
Radiant way that leads to Heavenly Morn.

## HEAD AND HEART.

HEAD without heart will work for ill.  
Heart without head is useless still.  
When head and heart together grow,  
They build a Heaven of bliss below.

## GIVING.

THOUGH others fail us, to give the more:  
Though unrequited, pour out love's store:  
With never swerving for praise or crying—  
Makes peaceful living and blessed dying.

## AFTER YEARS.

THE Mother leaned by the shadowed door.  
The fair, little daughter kneeled before.  
Forget-me-nots and roses red,  
She gave with kisses, and laughing said:  
“ Ah, Mother, when I am grown large and tall,  
Thou shalt work no more, for I will do all.  
I will cherish thee, love thee, and dress thee as fine  
As Forget-me-nots bloom and roses shine.”

The years flew by. At the shadowed door  
The Lilacs grew higher than ever before.  
By her lover stood a maiden sweet,  
And faithful and true, their fond hearts beat.  
He tenderly kissed her on lip and cheek.  
But the maiden wept and could not speak:  
For the Mother who loved her first and best,  
Beneath the roses, lay at rest.

## SOMETIME THOU WILT SLUMBER.

ALTHOUGH thine eyes are hot with tears  
That fall when all the world is sleeping:  
Yet wilt thou rest in other years  
Where not a care can wake to weeping.

Forget not in thy grief and pain,  
The hour comes fast for thy retrieving.  
Four narrow boards are small and plain:  
But hearts within, have ceased their grieving.

For thee, at last, a gentle hand  
Above thine eyelids, softly pressing,  
Will bring thee flowers and ribbon-band  
To deck thy bed of death with blessing.

Yea ! Death brings rest to all thy grief.  
Though vain thy trying, vain thy sighing,  
Endure. The years of life are brief.  
There comes at last the gift of dying.

## THE SOURCE OF SONG.

HOW comes it when my heart was breaking  
I sang of Love's sweet joy and rest?  
How comes it words of merry-making  
Flowed from my heart when sore distressed?

There saileth soft where waves are gleaming  
The snowy swan as fair as day.  
Without a song, where all is beaming,  
In silent joy, he takes his way.

In morning's glow ; in moon's pale shining  
He sailed on, glad and free—and still.  
Upon the bank were roses twining.  
He sailed on joyfully—and still.

Now when the cruel arrow, clinging,  
Has pierced his breast with painful dart,  
He, who in joy, poured forth no singing,  
In death, sings sweet, with broken heart.

## ON THE STRAND.

WHERE many bales around him lie  
The merchant looks with gladness.  
Where broken nets are strewn hard by,  
The fisher toils in sadness.

There is many a wreck on the cold, white sand.  
On the sea are the strong ships flying.  
Now flood—now ebb—along the strand !  
The port and the reef, close lying !

The sunshine seen ! The storm-clouds heard !  
The greeting and the parting word !  
The sails are rising and falling.

Two maidens sit upon the strand.  
One weeps beside the waters.  
The other tosses from full hand,  
Red roses in the waters.

The one is a troubled, grieving child,  
That sighs with a secret trembling,  
“O Sea ! O Sea ! so sad and wild,  
How much our life resembling !”

The other, bright and happy child,  
Shouts gladly, undissembling,  
“O Sea ! O Sea ! so light and mild,  
How much our life resembling !”

Over hopes, alas ! as well as fears,  
The wild sea rusheth madly.  
Over roses, alas ! as well as tears,  
The mild sea moaneth sadly.

### TRUTH.

TRUTH is the easiest roll of all.  
Place thyself surely here:  
And thou needst have no fear,  
From out thy character to fall.

## THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

BIRDS sing the tidings to the air.  
Flowers breathe it from their petals fair.  
Waves roll it onward to the sea.  
Winds bear the message far and free—  
The Sermon on the Mountain.

And where I go—and where I stay—  
In valley deep—on toilsome way—  
In midday bright—in starry light—  
I hear the words by day and night—  
The Sermon on the Mountain.

O noble Mount, in nameless state,  
Yet more than other mountains great !  
Thou Zion, and thou Gerizim,  
Yea, Sinai, too, must bow to him—  
And bless the holy Mountain.

O lovely earth ; afar and wide,  
Into a temple glorified !  
O Church of God ! He buildeth true.  
Behold ! He maketh all things new.  
The Christ is on the Mountain.

## THE HUMAN HEART.

IF thou wouldst all human heartstrings  
Move unto thy harmony :  
Seek to touch the saddest soul-springs,  
Shun the joyful melody.

Many have within their keeping  
Nothing glad upon the earth.  
None but wake betimes to weeping.  
All have sorrow. Few have mirth.

## LEAVE ME RESTING.

LEAVE me resting : leave me dreaming  
Where the winds are flying, sighing,  
Where the light is streaming, gleaming,  
Nightingales are singing,  
Calling, falling,  
In the dusk of branches winging !

As the moonbeams white are lying,  
Where the brook's dark waves are flying :  
Thus there rests a lovely vision  
On life's darkness—light elysian,  
Of the days, the olden,  
Glowing, golden !  
Memories of grief and gladness  
Glimmer in my heart of sadness.

Leave me resting : leave me dreaming :  
Where the moonlight's fairy fingering  
Touches blossoms, beaming, gleaming,  
Lingering—lingering !

## THE NEW YEAR.

THE New Year keeps the old-time Father  
Whose arm of strength upholds the spheres.  
He has for all the way provided,  
On eagles' wings upheld and guided.  
We trust to Him the future years.  
The New Year keeps the old-time Father,  
Whose arm of strength upholds the spheres.

The New Year keeps the old-time sorrows.  
We have not reached the perfect days.  
We still must wander, strong or weary,  
Upon the mountains, bright or dreary.  
We still must struggle on our ways.  
The New Year keeps the old-time sorrows.  
We have not reached the perfect days.

The New Year brings the new-time hoping.  
The earth is always growing green.  
This March, the larks will come with singing.  
This May, the flowers will come upspringing.  
Within this year will joys be seen.  
The New Year brings the new-time hoping.  
The earth is always growing green.

The New Year brings the new resolving—

A new leaf in the book of life.

Then let the old sin be forsaken,

The better life of love be taken :

And tuned to peace, the ancient strife !

The New Year brings the new resolving—

A new leaf in the book of life.

## THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

WHY is the world so fair, so fair !  
The little birds know why.  
We hear their happy singing,  
As lightly they are winging  
Their way across the sky.

Why is the world so fair, so fair !  
The river knoweth why,  
Upon its mirror glassing  
The hills and cities passing  
As clouds are straying by.

Why is the world so fair, so fair !  
The flowers of May know why :  
For all the Springtime voices  
Tell why the world rejoices  
Beneath the Father's eye.

The singers, poets, painters rare :  
Yea, all, must know it well.  
Who cannot paint it, sings it,  
Who cannot sing it, rings it.  
Let us the chorus swell !

Why is the world so fair, so fair !  
The children all know why.  
For God who rules above us  
Gives tokens that He loves us,  
With Love that cannot die.

WHITHER.

THUS the knowledge you are winning,  
Whitherward your footsteps tend :  
In your work, by its beginning :  
In your pleasure, by its end.

## THE RICHEST PRINCE.

ONCE the noted German princes  
Sat in festive, royal hall,  
Praised their lands for wealth and valor ;  
Each his own, the most of all.

“Noble,” spoke the Saxon Ruler,  
“Is my land and all its power.  
Silver gleams within its mountains,  
And it holds a priceless dower.”

“See my land in all its fullness,”  
Spoke the Ruler from the Rhine.  
“Golden harvests fill the valleys,  
On the mountains, grows the vine.”

“Large my cities ! Rich my cloisters !”  
Ludwig spoke of Baiern’s Throne—  
“These have made my royal treasure  
Never second to your own.”

Eberhard, the royal hearted,  
Wurtemberg’s belovèd King  
Said: “My land has little cities,  
And her mounts no silver bring.

“ Yet a jewel has she hidden,  
Treasure to my heart the best—  
That throughout her hills and forests,  
In each home, I safely rest.”

Then upspoke the Saxon Ruler:  
He from Baiern, he from Rhine,  
“ Bearded Count, thou art the richest:  
For the noblest land is thine.”

## GRATITUDE.

FIRST gav'st thou thanks to God for every gain:  
for pain  
No time wouldst thou have left to grumble and  
complain.

## A CHRISTMAS SONG.

GLORY to God in the Highest ! The angels are singing !

Glad are the tidings, the hosts from the heavens are bringing—

Jesus is here.

Sing it from far and from near.

Glory to God in the Highest !

Peace upon earth ! Unto us in our sins so forsaken  
Now has the Holy One come, and His home with  
us taken.

Shout, one and all !

Sing it with happiest call !

Glory to God in the Highest !

God in His mercy, for us opens Heavenly portals.  
Truth and sweet peace from the skies, have made  
us His immortals.

Those who have heard

Give to the world, the glad word:

Glory to God in the Highest !

## THE CLOSING YEAR.

THE silent year is closing.  
Be also still, my heart !  
In God's true hands reposing,  
Lay all thy joy and smart—

All that the year has given,  
What only God can know,  
All wounds when gifts were riven,  
All tears that silent flow.

God help, whate'er betide us,  
And strengthen still our heart !  
Remain for aye beside us,  
Nor let us from Thee part !

Whatever may befall us,  
Though we are sad and lone,  
O, let us hear Thee call us !  
O, keep us still Thine Own !

## OVER NIGHT.

O VER night—over night  
Grief comes apace:  
In the morning light,  
Thou must meet his face.  
The hours are sad in his keeping—  
The hours of thy weeping.

Over night—over night  
Joy comes to thy gate.  
In the morning light,  
How happy thy fate!  
The sad dream of night now is broken.  
The Joybells have spoken.

Over night—over night  
Come joy and pain:  
And soon in the light.  
Both leave thee again.  
They go to the Lord with their tidings—  
Thy trust in their guidings.

“PEACE ! BE STILL !”

TAKE Christ within thy ship of life,  
Let not the waves alarm thee.  
Push from the strand. Fear not the strife.  
Nor reef, nor cliff can harm thee.

Though all the waves run dark and high,  
Though blackness clouds the blue of sky,  
Yet trust his promise spoken—  
In spite of sea,  
Yet peaceful be.  
Thy ship shall not be broken.

Still work and watch with earnest care:  
The best thou canst providing.  
Cease not by day and night from prayer:  
And safe shall be thy guiding.

Yea ! surely Christ shall still the sea,  
And speak his words of peace for thee.  
The stormy waves shall listen.  
And brightly spanned  
From out His hand,  
The rainbow arch shall glisten.

## A CHRISTMAS WISH.

LIGHTLY now the angels singing,  
Joyful messages are bringing:

Peace on earth that comes from Heaven !  
Good to all mankind be given !

Unto thee be brought full measure  
Of the blessèd Christmas treasure !

## YOUNG PETER.

FROM out the door, the way along,  
Within the sun's bright keeping,  
Young Peter goes and sings a song :  
Nor heeds, his love is weeping.

Young Peter goes a little way.  
A reaper asks him whither.  
"I go to seek my Joy to-day."  
He hastens hence and hither.

He ever seeks for something best,  
And flits in foolish hurry.  
He gives himself no instant's rest.  
His search is full of worry.

Thus, up and down, o'er mount and dale ;  
While months and years are fleeting :  
He travels through this earthly vale,  
But finds not—Joy's dear greeting.

Young Peter's spirit breaks at last.  
His happy days are over.  
He sees sad eyes from out the past—  
The eyes that mourn their rover.

He knows the little, quiet home  
Where loving eyes may meet him.  
He turneth back, no more to roam.  
He comes where Joy may greet him.

With homesick heart, he seeks his best—  
His native fields, runs over.  
Too late! They lay his Joy to rest  
Six feet beneath the clover.

### HOPE AND PATIENCE.

**H** OPE, a staff both firm and sure,  
Patience, traveler's fitting gown—  
These through life and death endure,  
Pilgrim's helps to Heavenly town!

## LORELEI.

I KNOW not what the meaning,  
So sadly blows the wind !  
A legend of old dreaming  
Comes ever to my mind.

The air is cool and it darkles,  
And peacefully flows the Rhine.  
The top of the mountain sparkles  
In the evening's glow and shine.

There sits a maiden twining  
Her locks of beauty rare.  
Her golden gems are shining.  
She combs her golden hair.

Her comb is bright and golden.  
She sings a song thereby :  
And wonderful the olden,  
Bewitching melody !

It draws the boatman hither.  
He heeds no warning cry.  
He heeds nor reef, nor river.  
He only looks on high.

He sinks where waves are ringing,  
As sinks the setting sun.  
This sorrow with her singing,  
The Lorelei has done.

## DOUBT.

THOU doubttest, not because of reaching wisdom's type.  
Thy doubts but show thy wisdom is not fully ripe.  
Doubt is the hull in which the fruit is safely growing.  
The ripened fruit breaks through the hull, in beauty glowing.

## LORD, THOU ART GREAT.

LORD, Thou art great! So call I when in  
morning

The day blooms bravely like a fiery rose :  
When Nature wears for us her fresh adorning :  
And man receives new vigor from repose.  
Where dost Thou, Lord, show more Thy great  
affection,  
Than in Thy gift—each morning's resurrection !

Lord, Thou art great! So call I when the fetters  
Of storm-winds burst on earth : and Thou dost  
write

Above, with the forked lightning's flaming letters  
Upon Thy cloudy tables, words of light.  
O Lord, how canst Thou come more awe-inspiring  
Than in the march of midday storms, untiring !

Lord, Thou art great! So call I when the ringing  
At vesper bells is heard, and shadows fall :  
When in the woods, we hear the pensive singing :  
And slowly, gentle shades encompass all.  
O Lord, how dost Thou speak to us more mildly,  
Than through the glooms of evening, clear and  
kindly !

Lord, Thou art great ! So call I when there darkens  
 Dense midnight with its silence and its sleep.  
 Each sparkling star looks out from Heaven and  
 hearkens.

The moon rests in the silver cloudlet deep.  
 What, Lord, our spirits upward, higher raises,  
 Than silent, holy night, that sounds Thy praises !

Lord, Thou art great ! In every form and vision :  
 In nothing greater—greatest still in all.  
 In smiles, tears, shadows, terrors, worlds elysian :  
 In all things, we may see and hear Thy call.  
 Lord, Thou art great ! Let me proclaim it ever !  
 To greatly live for Thee be my endeavor !

## IN GOD.

**B**EAT thou with joy, my Heart, for thou dost  
 beat  
 Within the fount of love that beats in thee !  
 Rise and breathe free, my Soul ! Thou breathest  
 not  
 In earthly damps, but in the air of God.  
 Sail joyful forth, my Ship of Life ! Nor wind  
 Nor wave, can work thee harm ! Thy haven is  
 Thine anchor. Even wreck is still in God.





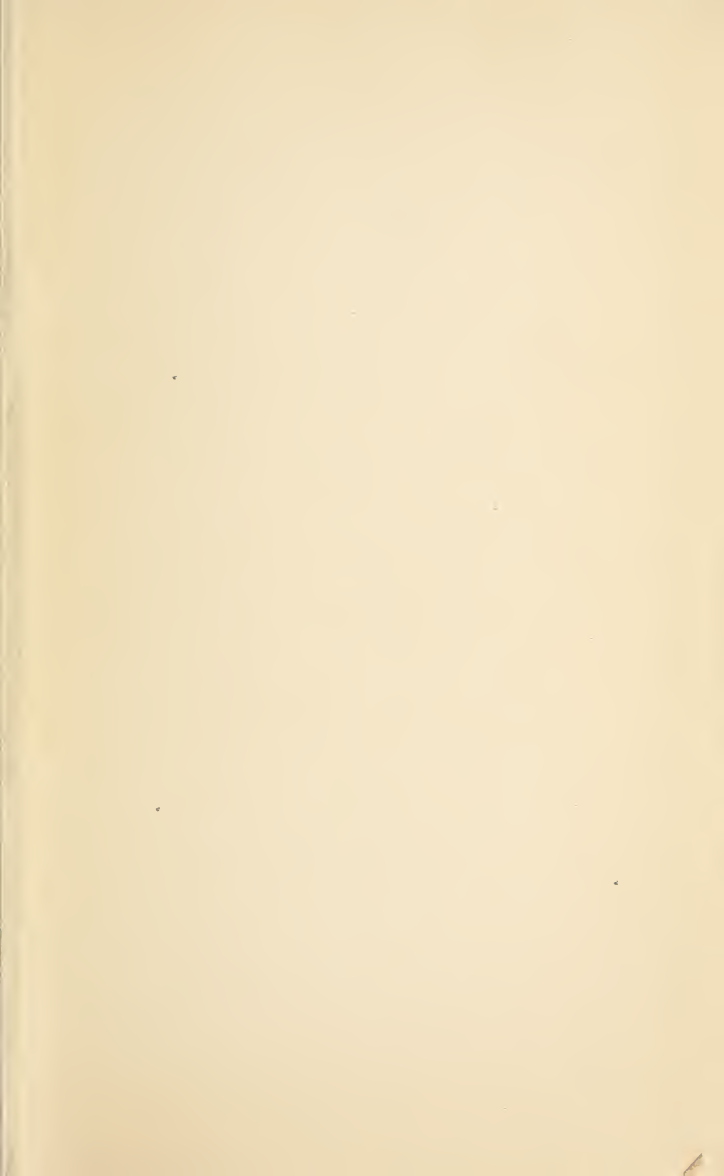


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